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Rudy's goodbyes

Friends:

I was in the middle of packing our household into cardboard boxes, getting ready to leave S.A. in a few weeks. As I was wrapping glassware in old newspapers I re-read Ron Young's column announcing that the April issue of IORNRR would be the last. For the second time I got a funny feeling in the bottom of my stomach, so I thought I'd better sit down and write to you.

It's interesting that the announcement of the demise of IORNRR should come out in an article in the S.A. **Light**, of all places. Of course, it's good to know that the **Light** and **Express/News** have finally begun giving coverage to the local music scene, and it's understandable that they are building on the foundation of local rock journalism laid down by your staff. So I try to remind myself that it's not a matter of IORNRR dying, but simply a metamorphosis of energy from one level to the next.

Similarly, I'm trying hard not to be sad about saying adios to S.A. myself. I'm sorry to be leaving this city's amiable ambience, and the wonderful group of friends and supporters who've helped my music grow over the past few years. But I tell myself that there's another level of artistic stimulation and performance to be found outside of Texas — not better or worse — just different. . . .

I suspect that your paper hasn't gotten as much support as it should have had from the local music industry, and that you'll be sorely missed and widely lamented after your passing — yet another case of posthumous rock'n'roll glory . . . So what else can I say except thank you for having done what you did for the S.A. music scene through the years. As far as I can tell, you were the first paper with both the conviction and the longevity to write

seriously about what was happening with local music and musicians, and I'm sure that your efforts have made a difference. At any rate, I know that your support has been very important to me, and I thank you for it.

And the beat goes on.

In peace,

—Rudy Harst

Views of U2

Dave Arthur and IORNRR Staff:

Let me begin by expressing my compliments on your insightful interview with Bono Hewson of U2 (March 1982). I was hoping, however, for you to have some additional discussion with and photos of "The Edge" Evans, Adam Clayton, and Larry Mullen. Your article dealt with subjects, that are for me, the reasons I enjoy listening to music.

Your article's reference to the state of American radio only reaffirmed my belief that things have to change, eventually. I can only speak for our city, San Antonio, when referring to the state of radio. Admittedly, we are behind the times when it comes to progressive music, the there is no reason we must tolerate this void. The people in this city are intelligent and deserve the opportunity to make a choice.

It is apparent our society so rigidly sets the boundaries of what we can do, leaves us with no room for experimentation or innovation. This applies not only to what Bono Hewson termed the "cliche" of rock and roll, but to everyone who sits back apathetically waiting for some universal panacea. This is the reason I felt this letter was a legitimate commentary.

Not everything on the airways is rehashed bland dirbble, but those few brief moments of originality are virtually nonexistent. I consider myself an open minded individual with simple tastes. It runs the gamut from U2, to say the Scorpions. So indeed, Feb. 14th's sellout at

Cardi's is a message to this city that we demand a change in the state of the art of radio.

The staff at IORNRR deserve kudos, not that you are always correct in your judgements, but rather that your judgements are sincere, fresh, and multifaceted.

" . . . And I felt like a star,

I thought the world could go far,
If they listen to what I said . . . "

"The Ocean

"The Ocean"

U2-Boy

—Jesse Hernandez

Thanks, I'm glad to see I got through to somebody . . . —DDA

Paper and pens

Hey IORNRR!

(Can't you get a shorter name?!)

I would like to thank you for your successful efforts to bring a variety of music to the somewhat closed minds of the San Antonio population.

In your last issue, one group of HM fans wrote in complaining that this magazine was a "punk rock" rag. Well most HM fans have only heard of modern rock band names, never their music.

I frequently must put up with sneers and wise remarks from others who cannot, or don't want to, understand modern rock. At one time I took some hassle for wearing a The Clash pin but when I asked the infantile who was complaining just exactly why he didn't like The Clash, and just exactly which songs in particular he didn't like, he stood there in a stupor. He didn't know why or which songs he didn't like by the Clash (or any other modern rock band for that matter, the purpose of this letter is not to push The Clash) and he'd never heard any of their songs.

So what does all this "punk rock sucks"

mean! Good question since punk rock died with the seventies and new wave is already getting old, hopefully people won't try and classify everything that walks the face of the earth and just stop and listen to the music sometime. If they like it fine, if they don't, they don't have to listen to it. And if they don't like this mag then they don't have to read it!

The point I'd like to make is that first, your mag is a fine one, and you must be o.k. people to go after hours to make a free mag, with informative ads that are rock related, and still put up with destructive criticism. Keep up the great work! second, I hope that in the future people in this city will shut their mouths, open their ears and stop classifying everything as either punk or Heavy Metal because they're missing the great stuff in between!

But to conclude this sermon, in the words of the great Johnny (Lennon) Rhythm himself —

Good night and God bless y'as

—Yvonne Garza

Don't worry about the name anymore . . .

To IORNRR:

Help! I just read in the newspaper that the April issue of **It's Only Rock'n'Roll** will be the last. I can't believe it. This news nearly, or did devastate me. This magazine was the best little magazine in San Antonio.

The news of **IORNRR** finishing only gives me more ammunition to dislike San Antonio. **IORNRR** had many purposes. It gave recognition to new bands, advertised unknown shops, and was a super, tremendous informant.

I feel that **IORNRR cannot end**. **IORNRR** definitely has all of my support. My companions also feel this way. Shall we hold a telethon? You name it, we'll get it for you.

Praying for **IORNRR**.

Sincerely,

—Wanda VaCant

Thanks for the support, but as Pete Townshend said, "the song is over."



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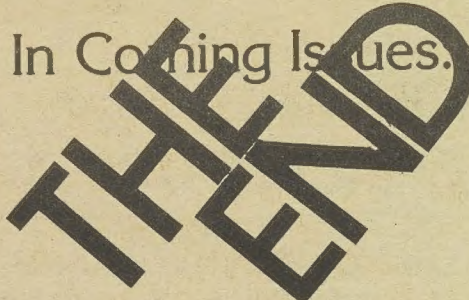
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WHERE TO FIND US

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The boy's pig crazy about records

by
DAVID ARTHUR
Editor

As everyone knows, San Antonio is undergoing something of a business boom right now. New buildings are being put up, new companies are coming in, more people now get on the freeway to keep you from being able to get anywhere at 5 p.m. on a weekday afternoon. Perhaps the most significant addition to the San Antonio business community, the one that is making the Chamber of Commerce jump up and down for joy, is Hogwild Records.



art by Charlie Athana

Well, maybe I was exaggerating a little, ok? Located at 1824 N. Main, Hogwild is owned and operated by Dave Risher, 27, who proudly describes his establishment as "maybe the only record store in town with a men's and women's bathroom — they're free, too! We are thinking of making them limited collector's editions, however." The

store, which started out in the Northwest Center Fleamarket, is housed in a large one-story building across from SAC. It is a location that has seen many businesses come and go and had been vacant for some time before Risher moved in.

The inside of the store is roomy — the windows and front wall are plastered with posters. The outside is . . . beige. The only way to tell that this is a record store is by the posters that peer out at you from the windows.

Risher himself, at 5'7" and 150 pounds, is a self-described small businessman. He said that he does know an icehouse operator on the Southside who is smaller, however.

He speaks with a good amount of authority on records and their availability. No doubt about it, he knows his stuff.

Risher claims to be an ex-journalist owing spiritual, if not actual allegiance to "every small underfinanced, potentially interesting publication that came out of Texas in the '70s." Curiously enough, however, he does not like to write about music.

Risher said he started his record store during "the heat wave of the summer of '80. The tomato crop died in June — I needed something else to do so I started selling records at Northwest Center." Risher noted that at this time he was working at Flipside Records on the Southside selling "large amounts of Godz records."

Risher soon tired of this, however, and moved on to a new job. He started working for Disc Trading Company as an import salesman until he was replaced by an 800 number. That was last July. Since then, he's been making "a meager living just at the

"We may be the only record store in town with a

men's and women's bathroom. They're free, too!"

— Dave Risher

fleamarket," where he was open for business only on the weekends.

Risher said the move to the new and bigger premises was prompted by a need for a bigger place.

He hopes to turn his store into an import record and specialty shop. Right now, he carries a full line of imports, a back catalogue of recent domestic releases and is moving on into reggae and blues. He plans to go into jazz later on, as well.

In addition, he has a complete line of British musical publications including *New Musical Express*, *Sounds*, *Melody Maker* and *Kerrang*, as well as many American publications. He plans to also carry T-shirts and posters.

Risher built his store on "imports, cutouts and Loverboy records — somehow, they're competing with the Scorpions. Romeo Void is my third biggest seller, however." He also helps customers find hard to find records by special ordering them. This is a service many record stores won't provide and it is one Risher feels customers appreciate.

Risher added that one item more people seem to desire now are import records. He said that he thought that this was because "people are so disgusted with low quality American pressings." He noted that since imports are usually only a couple of dollars more, many prefer to spend the extra money to ensure good sound quality.

He wants Hogwild to be a little different from most record stores in that "hopefully, the majority of my stock will be stuff you don't see in other record stores. What's the difference between a Sound Warehouse and a Music Express?" he asked. (About 20¢ — Ed.)

"I'm looking for a good deal on a used grocery store," he said. "I want the complete set-up including a conveyor belt. I'm tired of record stores having wooden boxes that employees stand on, two feet above everyone else. They look more important than the customer — which is the opposite of what's true."

The response to his concept of what a

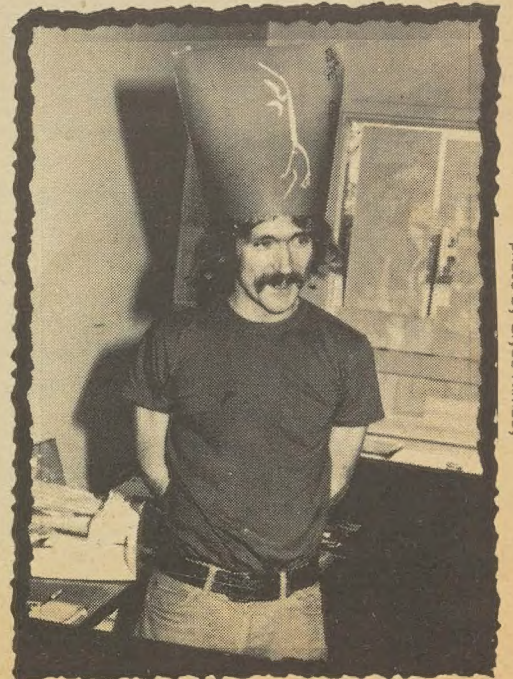


photo by Clyde Kinsey

Dave Risher

record store should be has been very positive Risher said. "Judging from the response I've had here and at my part-time thing at the fleamarket, people seem to appreciate the service. They've been extremely receptive to having someone act upon special requests.

"People have been extremely supportive," he continued. "The desire for something different in record stores is substantial. Otherwise, I don't think people would have come out through the throng of trinket buyers at Northwest to view whatever records I happen to stumble upon."

Hogwild is not really aimed at the casual music listener; while it is the only store in town "currently selling records \$2 below list price," as Risher proudly noted, its selection and services are aimed at the serious music lover who's looking for a hard to find record or who wants higher quality pressings. There may be a recession on, but it's good to see the emergence of a store like this. Good thing S.A.'s recession-proof. —RNR

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The Judy's pack a pop punch

by
RON YOUNG
Publisher

The San Antonio closet punk crowd that turned out for the B-52's concert looked like Austin three years ago proving that a definite change in the local music climate has finally occurred. Although new wave music has only recently gained a secure foothold here (when it was announced that the Clash would be coming in June the reaction was something akin to the announcement of Judas Priest at a heavy metal concert) and some new converts dressed and acted like the trendy preppies that they are, at least it finally has found an audience.

The Judy's warmed up and easily won over the beach party crowd of 1,200 enthusiastic B-52's fans that filled the Rock Saloon last month with their infectious brand of new wave pop. They opened their set with singer David Bean warbling an acapella version of "Over The Rainbow." And just like that other Judy he took the audience to the place "where bluebirds fly."

The Judy's are a pop trio that hails from Pearland, Tex., a suburb of Houston and they have about as much in common with ZZ Top and other Texas rock'n'rollers as the B-52's do with the packs of wild-eyed Southern rockers their native Georgia is most known for.

The group — Jeff Walton (19) on bass, Dane Cessac (19) on drums and percussion and songwriter David Bean on vocals, keyboards, guitar, TV and blender — display a unique combination of influences from Talking Heads, Devo, the B-52's and Buddy Holly. Their songs, like the eerie "Guayana Punch" about Rev. Jim Jones' deadly kool-aid, angst-ridden teenage laments like "All The Pretty Girls" and "Magazine Man", and TV's brain-warp effects in "Watchin' My TV" and "Reruns", are all sung in Bean's reedy voice and set to bouncy rhythms that get people pogoing nonstop throughout their show.

The trio has a distinct stage presence that quickly captures the audience's attention. Whether Bean is popping glowing light bulbs during "Joey The Mechanical Boy" or playfully tossing a beach ball out in the crowd on "On Her Wave" or pouring water from a pitcher during "Guayana Punch" he draws you into his movie. All the while, the seductive rhythms and deceptively simple melodies sneak up on the listeners who find themselves dancing unselfconsciously to the herky-jerky Judy's beat.

Bean can accomplish all of this onstage cleverness because of the tightness of Walton and Cessac as a rhythm section. This becomes especially evident during the quirky new wave cha-cha "Right Down The Line" when the only thing holding the song to-

gether is Walton's superb bass playing and Cessac's deft percussion work on some dangling pots and pans.

After their hour-long set and encore the crowd was still eager for more from the three wide-eyed Beaver Cleavers, but they needed to remove all their equipment from the stage for the B-52's. (They can't afford roadies yet!)

Both onstage and off the Judy's look like three young Republicans in their matching red T-shirts, pressed slacks, short hair and blushing bride expressions. They don't really consider themselves to be "New Wave" either.

"We don't really think the term applies to us except in a dictionary sense, that of being something new and different," a sufficiently cooled down Bean said.

I thought they took their name from "The Jetsons" TV show. You know 'Meet George Jetson. Jane his wife. Their boy Elroy. Daughter Judy.' Was there some method behind the madness?

"We called the band The Judy's with the possessive mark for a reason. We didn't want everyone saying, 'Oh, are you a Judy?' Making it possessive kept that from happening, and it also drives press people crazy. We've been The Judy's for 2½ years now. But, before that, we were in various trial and error bands with names like Mondo Babies, Breather and Mystic before we became The Judy's," Bean said.

Two things that bothered me when I first heard their self-produced album *Washarama* was the brevity of the songs (which made it hard on the dancers that night who were getting into many of the tunes just as they were ending) and the fact that most of them were written in the same key.

"Well, since I write and sing all of our songs," Bean said, "they all have to be sung within my limited range."

"As for the shortness of nearly all our material," he went on, "that's mainly due to the short attention span of our audience who, like we, were raised on television. Part of the 'baby-sitter syndrome'."

Many of their songs such as "Watchin' My TV," "Reruns" and the macabre "Guayana Punch" are media-oriented.

"We're constantly bombarded by the media. It hits everyone so hard. "Guayana Punch" came out of watching a TV movie about the Jim Jones cult that was interrupted by soft-drink commercials ("There's a strange one in the jungle/And I think I hear him calling my name. There's a strange one in the jungle/And he's offering death without pain. Freshen up, freshen up, freshen up.")

Washarama is selling very well in record stores throughout Texas. Do they intend to get a major label interested in them?

"We plan to record another independent album in the spring and, yes we have sent

stuff out to some of the major labels but we're not that concerned yet," Bean replied offhandedly.

Touring Texas with the B-52's should be a great boon to any new wave band's budding career. How did that come about?

"We opened for the B-52's last year when they played Houston. They liked us and remembered. So here we are," Bean beamed.

The group members, who are all barely out of high school, treat their status as avant garde rock musicians and all the press attention with a refreshingly carefree attitude. If

they make the Big Time, great. If they don't, so what?

However, the Judy's are on the brink of being discovered by the major labels (Warner Bros. is the name most often being dropped). Their unique approach to pop music; the minimalist musical unit, Bean's stylized Buddy Holly hiccup vocalising, the black-humored lyrics and catchy melodies and the invigorating and inventive stage act; all add up to a fresh new band who can treat contemporary absurdities with humor and a dance-induced beat.

—RNR



The Judy's

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Music is fun to read about because it's about people like you or me. A band's music and lyrics can be a product of the members' personalities. Rock-n-roll is more than just amplified music, it's an attitude. Besides nonsensical rebellion, which is fine, part of that attitude can be concerned with philosophies, ideologies, and sociological and political observations. Rock lyrics that cover



this ground serve a useful purpose (as long as they aren't pretentious or self-indulgent) in helping the audience think for themselves and gain a wider perspective on the world. Don't get me wrong. I don't take rock-n-roll so seriously that I can't let loose, for most exciting rock should hit you in the gut first, then, possibly, your head. Most rock-n-roll can work merely as an outburst of emotion or excitement, although it should have some sincerity and originality.

People used to be attracted to rock for its frankness and simplicity. Nowadays, there are people that dislike it because they consider it to be flashy and phony; the very thing rock set out to be against.

Before you start crying for IORN, I would like to thank the staff, and especially you the readers, for taking an interest in this paper. The advertisers should be thanked for keeping IORN free. The record companies helped us stay in the know by sending us newsletters, press kits and of course, the records to review. The record companies, and many of the readers, respected us for covering all types of rock-related music, and for doing so with integrity. We are also grateful to the merchants that carried IORN for they played as big as part as anybody in getting the paper to the people.

Clyde Kimsey, Contributing Writer

You're paying for it in some way so don't sit back and bitch and moan — take charge — help things happen, make things happen.

And I want to urge local musicians to continue to give their all for the local crowd. Don't give up, don't let down, don't relax because you're playing in your hometown.

Ron Young is now writing for *The Light*. I'm writing for the *Express-News*. The rest of the staff will certainly be doing similar things somewhere. Stay in touch — or get in touch. Make sure we know what is happening and where, when, how much it costs and if there's free liquor.

End of sermon.

Hugs and kisses, shoes and socks, Elvis and Costello, ham and lima beans, beer and menudo, Laurel and Hardy to Ron, David, David, Miss Sharon, Clyde, Vickie, Wendy, Monte, Robin, Brent, Cliff, Jeff, David, Tim, Bruce, Ken, Ruben and all the other humans and near-humans — both actual and coincidental — that made this paper an interesting experiment in irrational behavior.

Jim Beal, Local Scene Editor

In 1978 *It's Only Rock'n'Roll* started out like all the other previous attempts at a monthly rock rag in San Antonio, amateurish, but with a lot of heart. This one proved different, however. What made it succeed was the people involved with it. To

cation to last as long as we did. I think the reason is because of the staff. Everyone on the staff had other priorities, fulltime jobs or fulltime students. Yet, these people still gave their time for little or no money. But everyone was dedicated and wanted to put out a paper of professional caliber.

Personally, I have gotten to do a lot of things. My photo file is stuffed with thousands of pics of groups from AC/DC to the Ramones. I survived the Sex Pistols concert, I've met "the Boss" and saw Ron Young almost get punched out by Lou Reed.

Although there were many ups and downs, many frustrations and a lot of excitement, it was all worth it. All those drives up to Austin to see acts that never came to San Antonio like Van Morrison, Elvis Costello and the Kinks, knowing that we had to be at work at 8 a.m. the next morning, kept our spirits high. Even though we'd fall asleep at work, it was still worth it.

There were many barriers and obstacles in our four year period. Lack of support from local advertisers and some uncooperative promoters did not stop us from getting the issues out.

I feel lucky that I was a part of *It's Only Rock'n'Roll Magazine*. Like the end of the Armadillo, IORN ends. I will miss it.

Robbin Cresswell, Chief Photographer

I have a son now — Jonathan George, born March 9th — and someday he will be rummaging through the attic and come across my copies of *It's Only Rock'n'Roll*. What will Jonathan make of them?

I like to think that he will regard IORN in the same way as I regard certain records by such artists as Jimmy Ley, Denny Ezba, Tom King & the Starfires, the Knights, Joe Carl and many other rock'n'rollers that the general public never heard of. These people made some fine rock'n'roll records but, for whatever reason, their records never received widespread distribution, recognition, support or success.

Tom King and the Starfires started out as a bar band, playing mostly surf music and related shit in Cleveland, Ohio, in the early 1960s. They had a strong local following and cut a few records but things never really came together and the group eventually disbanded. I would guess that the group had dreams of million-sellers dancing in their heads when they were starting out, but I also imagine that they got into rock'n'roll for the primary purpose of having a good time.

That, from my perspective, is more-or-less what happened to this magazine. We wanted the magazine to be successful, of course, but what really brought us together was a love of rock'n'roll and a desire to have some fun with it. We've had our fun, some successes and some failures, and now it's over.

Perhaps that wildly successful, nationally-recognized magazine which always existed in our heads will someday rise from the ashes of IORN. Several members of Tom King & the Starfires eventually re-formed as The Outsiders, and finally did get that million-selling single they were after ("Time Won't Let Me", 1966). Who knows what tomorrow may bring?

Whatever happens, I'm glad that I had the chance to write for all of you each month in these pages and I trust that you've enjoyed my columns. That was the whole point of it. So, Jonathan, this is one of the things your old man has done in support of rock'n'roll.

David Frost, Contributing Writer

NOTE: The Backbeat Goes On — 9 P.M. Tuesdays on KRTU.

—RNR



photo by Robbin Cresswell

Staff of IORN: Back row, from left to right; writer/photographer Clyde Kimsey, Local Scene Editor Jim Beal, Jr., inspiration Sharon "Birdie" Young, writer Tim Lawless, writer Jeff Webb, editor David Arthur, writer Wendy Carson, HM writer Cliff Dunn, photographer David Willis. Front row, left to right; chief photographer Robbin Cresswell, publisher Ron Young, muse Elvis Costello—"our aim was true." Not pictured; writers David Frost and V. Ray.

By the time you read this you'll have already read umpteen versions of and stories about the whys, wherefores, etc. about this paper and its rise and demise.

I won't try your patience with another. Nah — instead I'm gonna preach and rail and foam at the mouth and say goodbye.

This venture has been fun. And it's been trying. And it's been educational. And it's been moderately — maybe immoderately — successful in covering the musical doings in this town. It's also been responsible for opening some ears to a wide variety of rock and roll.

I hope someone else will come along and fill the mondo bizzaro gap that IORN will leave. I hope the printer can find some other publication to help pay its bills.

Now it's sermon time.

Heart wants to continue to encourage people to support local music. Go to the bars, the concerts, the events. Let the groups and the club owners and the record stores, and the radio stations and the concert promoters, and the newspapers know what YOU want to see and hear.

them, music wasn't just a hobby; it was a major part of their lives. IORN also didn't just cover music that was popular in San Antonio, it also tried to expose heretofore unknown or unaccepted types of music to the public. Instead of a steady diet of Led Zeppelin and Judas Priest, we were reading about the Fabulous Thunderbirds, Toots and the Maytals, and The Teardrop Explodes. People were finding out that there was a lot more good music than just what was heard on local radio.

I'm just glad that I was able to be a part of it. I hope I was able to enlighten some people to some artists they may have not been familiar with. Remember, whether it's the Beatles, Ozzy or Echo and the Bunnymen, it's (only) rock'n'roll.

Jeff Webb, Contributing Writer

It's hard to say goodbye to *It's Only Rock'n'Roll Magazine*. When we first began in 1978 we had doubts that we could get through to three issues. Now, after we've been through four years and 44 issues, it's time to hang up our rock and roll shoes.

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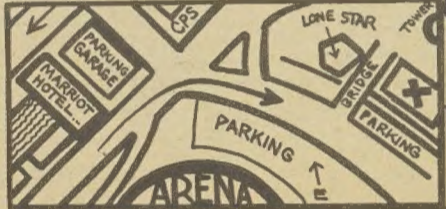
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AT **VILLA FONTANA**

San Antonio Style!

A blast from your past?

by
CLYDE KIMSEY
Contributing Writer

What comes to mind when you think of KONO-86 AM radio?

For the past year and a half, KONO has had a mostly oldies format. They play songs from the early '50s all the way to the present, although the heavier concentration is probably from '55-'70.

This is KONO's 55th year, making it one of the oldest radio stations in town.

I wanted to find out more information about KONO's format and station policies, so I talked to their program director, Gary Steele. Steele has been with KONO two years, coming from sister station KITV. For years, both KONO and KTSA played Top-40 music and were almost indistinguishable. After years of running neck and neck in the ratings wars with KTSA, KONO's own ratings started to slip. They decided it was time for a change. I asked Steele why they chose this particular format. "Times change, tastes change, nostalgia trips come along... so KONO decided it wanted to recreate that excitement... in radio, you're always trying to go after what the people want."

KONO's ratings have gone up since they started the oldies format. Part of the reason for the success of this type of format is that people enjoy hearing the songs they listened to when they were carefree teenagers. Steele agreed and added "These songs conjure up memories of those good times, and you can never live down a good time in your mind." KONO happens to be the most popular with listeners between 25-49, although many younger people enjoy hearing yesterday's best sellers for the first time. A good song is a good song — whether you're 15, or 50.

Sometimes I'll be listening to KONO and thinking of how all the songs are fitting together nicely; Chuck Berry, Sir Douglas Quintet, The Grass Roots, a soul song, and then on comes Doris Day? When asked why KONO plays such obvious non-rockers, or "squares", Steele replied, "We program all the hits of the past, no matter who they were by. The ones that we deem fit for our format are played, whether they be by Debbie Reynolds or Jimi Hendrix."

There are thousands upon thousands of oldies to choose from. KONO only plays the cream of the crop. They feel most people only want to hear the proven hits (they happen to feel this way towards new songs also.) "We go by familiarity, chart position, if it fits into our format and if it is offensive."

What do you consider "offensive"? "Any loud raucous rock-n-roll. There's a difference between a Chuck Berry "Maybelene" record and a Foreigner "Double Vision" song. They're both upbeat and contain some fairly heavy guitar licks, but there's a different texture in both of these songs." Steele agrees that sometimes there is a fine line between high-energy rock and offensive rock. An example of a borderline song would be "Talk Talk" by the Music Machine, from 1965 (a fine, rare little gem that would probably be considered punk next to the lame rock of today.)

Some people complain that KONO plays more than just rock, or that their playlists aren't as imaginative as they would like, but KONO never claimed to be anything other than a hit-oldies station, not an oldies rock station. At least they are meeting their objectives and can't be accused of being hypocritical. Of course, if you don't agree with their objectives, let them know. Like any business, radio stations try to please their customers.

They capture the pop and rock songs on the past pretty well, if not the spirit itself, but KONO's selections of new songs fall flat. KONO rarely plays new rock music. Instead, their newer selections consist mostly of easy-

listening and country-crossover. I believe there are scores of new groups that would fit into KONO's format and would capture the same "feel" that listeners hear from the oldies. There are plenty of good, uptempo rock groups that have commercial potential that are not offensive. It's not surprising that KONO does not play groups such as The Stray Cats, Robert Gordon, David Johansen, Syl Sylvain, The Rubinoos, Phil Seymour, Joe "King" Carrasco and Rockpile, since other radio stations aren't willing to give new and original talent a chance anymore either. Other rock-oriented radio stations throughout the country are also to blame.

I asked Steele if it is radio's job to make hits, or to just play hits. "Both. If radio doesn't make hits, who's going to? You have to understand though, that everytime you play a song that is not an established hit, you are taking a chance. It may be one you think should be a hit, but if your listeners don't like it, they are apt to change stations everytime that song comes on. In this particular format, we prefer not to experiment."

That all sounds fine and dandy, but



KONO's Gary Steele

experimentation should be synonymous with the ideals of rock-n-roll. If radio never took a chance on new and different types of music, we would still be listening to Glen Miller, Lawrence Welk, Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra. There simply would be NO rock-n-roll.

Most S.A. radio stations will not play locally-made records for one reason or another. Steele said that KONO does play local records that they feel fit into their format. "We played The Krayolas' "Christmas Time" song, Lisa Lopez and Sunny and The Sunliners."

People who want to buy the oldies that KONO plays, sometimes complain of the fact that the DJs rarely announce the artists, or titles of the songs. Steele told me that the majority of the listeners specifically expressed that they wanted as little talk, and as much music as possible. This policy seems to be what the majority of the listeners want, so if you are in the minority and want to know the name of a particular song, just do like I do and give them a call at 227-8686. They will be happy to help you.

KONO may have its faults, but it's still the best way to hear rock's past, which otherwise might be forgotten by many rock fans. Besides simply playing great old rock songs, KONO can serve as a history guide to unknowing rock fans and bring back memories to older ones.

Listen to KONO's oldies, for they are from a time when radio still cared about rock-n-roll, back when radio, for the most part, still represented what was really going on in rock.

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Photo by Mark Nikolewski

Platform of Youth

Platform of Youth: Young and assertive

by
V. RAY
Contributing Writer

The rock scene is frequently maligned as a never-never land whose denizens seek escape from the pressures of the adult world. A San Antonio band is currently exploding that tired, old myth. Platform of Youth is a serious, young band whose members possess a rare combination of talent, insight, and determination which virtually assures them of success in any direction they choose to pursue.

The band consists of Christopher Smart (vocals, bass, guitar), Mark Semmes (guitar, bass, keyboards), and Jeff DeCuir (drums, vocals). The name P.O.Y. is intentionally ambiguous, chosen precisely because it doesn't evoke preconceptions about the type of music the band performs. Upon closer examination, however, it is a fairly accurate description of the band: they are young (all high school students), and they do use their music as a type of platform from which to express their art, ideas, and philosophies.

Some of their philosophies are seemingly so conservative as to be unorthodox. This is one deviation from the escapism associated with much of rock music.

Take, for instance, P.O.Y.'s attitude toward material. Until they've made a name for themselves, most bands rely upon playing cover songs. P.O.Y. is not only secure enough to play exclusively original material, but they also realize the inherent dangers of becoming dependent upon covers. Christopher Smart points out, "If the Beatles had played guitar with their heads in the radio all the time, they'd never have done anything on their own. Besides, why should someone else be paid just to be a record-player? I wonder if bands like that are getting anything out of playing?"

Here's another example: fed up with the "sex-and-drugs-and-rock-and-roll" cliché, they eschew drug and alcohol use, citing them as deterrents to creativity. They advocate that their peers clean up their act and prepare for the future, instead of wasting their youth away getting drunk or stoned. "Think for Yourself" is an underlying principle of this band, found not only in song lyrics, but in their approach to all that they do.

This serious outlook might convey the impression that their music is something grave and sober and not enjoyable — nothing could be farther from the truth. Their

music is galvanizing, the embodiment of the youth implicit in their name. It isn't easy, or fair to try to classify their sound; suffice to say that their influences are more British than American, and more progressive than pseudo-art new wave. Christopher Smart spins out a strong bass line and handles most of the vocals. Jeff DeCuir, the youngest member, drums with a mean vitality and enthusiasm that is contagious. Mark Semmes plays guitar with an ease and elegance that is not only uncommon for his years, but is just downright uncommon. He's one of the most interesting guitarists you're liable to hear in this area. These three mesh together to form a sound that balances a percussive style against a melodic one, one that is delicate, yet sinewy at once. They experiment a good deal with improvisation, but never to the point of losing control, or of boring their audience. Their objectives include breaking borders and remaining flexible and their music reflects this.

All members contribute to the songwriting chores ("Well, we don't do anything that's a chore"). The band would like to eventually get into recording, but it isn't a current top priority. When they do decide to commit some of the numerous composition to vinyl, they will do it on their own terms: they won't compromise themselves or their music just to have a record. Most fledgling bands pay lip service to such an idea, but given P.O.Y.'s strong ethical outlook, one can't help but be persuaded that it's the truth.

P.O.Y. hasn't played many recent gigs. Being underage has posed problems for them playing some rock clubs. They point out the futile irony of the situation with a reminder that youth is what rock and roll is all about. However, you can catch them at the King Antonio Party during Fiesta, and at Mulligan's Pub April 24.

One description that's been attributed to P.O.Y. is the word *scary*. Perhaps it's because folks feel ill at ease with a band that's not found partying prior to the set, or clowning between numbers. They don't rely on sight gags, witty banter, or light shows to entertain their audience — their music stands on its own. A better use of the word can be found in a different context: *they're so good they're scary*. P.O.Y. proclaims the idea that you can't be afraid of anything, whether assaulting the music scene, or accomplishing any goal, and this is where the word *scary* is most appropriate: because nothing is more frightening than a fearless opponent.

—RNR

SYNOPSIS

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The Krayolas Kolor the local music scene

by
CLYDE KIMSEY
Contributing Writer

The next couple of months will bring to a head the Krayolas' reputation and publicity, for April is the month of their debut album. The next few months will also decide if the masses are ready for the Krayolas' interpretation of rock 'n' roll and if the group is ready for overnight success after six years of preparation.

San Antonio's premier pop band should have their first album of all original material out by the end of May. A single from the Lp, due out on the first of the month, will be "The Sphinx Won't Tell" / "Happy Go Lucky." The album, *Kolored Musik* was recorded, mixed and pressed in Houston. Besides the fine quality of the songs, one notices the exceptionally wide variety in the styles.

Another feature of this record is that it boasts the talents of the renowned West Side Horns (Charley McBurney, Louie Bustos and Richard Navarro) on seven of the 10 songs. The West Side Horns are usually the first choice among local bands when they want a horn section. They have appeared on records by Bette Midler, Rene & Rene, Sunny & The Sunliners, Ry Cooder and Doug Sahm, among others.

Tapes of the record have been sent to record companies, band managers and top record negotiators such as Kim Fowley. Fowley says that these days record companies don't want to develop talent — they just want the finished product, which is one reason why The Krayolas decided to go ahead and make the album on their own.

The three primary Krayolas have always been Hector Saldana; guitar and vocals, his brother, David; drums and vocals and Barry Smith; bass, keyboards and vocals. They've had several other fourth members who performed just fine, but weren't where the Krayolas were at musically. The band performed as a trio until last August when they asked John Harris to join. Hector is glad to have Harris in the group and feels that the Krayolas are finally complete. Harris supplies lead and background vocals and trades off with David when he wants to be the frontman. Besides singing, Harris can play drums, or play his new toy; a "Ju-Ju" stick, which can make various sounds or just serve as a prop.

The Krayolas' tastes in music, although broad, have always centered around simple vocal-emphasized, mid-tempo rock 'n' roll. They aren't a hard or heavy rock band, instead they play in a sincere manner that is devoid of fads or gimmicks. They just do what comes naturally to them. They also pride themselves on being "tunesmiths;" a strong melody is what they feel is missing from today's rock. They are the kind of rock band that is taken for granted, yet hard to find.

The group draws influences from such mid-'60s bands as Paul Revere and The Raiders, The Dave Clark Five and The Monkees. Some have felt that the Krayolas are merely imitators of bands from the '60s period of rock when the music had matured, but hadn't grown up; before it became saturated with gimmicks and pretentious concepts — but that's merely incidental since the Krayolas have gone beyond



The Krayolas

imitation and come up with a bright, fresh sound that is completely their own.

The Krayolas got their start in 1976 as the Southwest's first '60s revival act. Gradually, they learned enough original songs (that truly sound original) — that people now appreciate them for being themselves. Their current shows consist of about two-thirds original material and the rest are some of their favorites from the '60s.

Unlike too many other area groups who play three or four nights a week, the Krayolas don't over-saturate their market. Instead, they play only occasionally, thus making each show a special one. "We get more self-satisfaction that way," says Hector.

Right now, the group is at the point towards which they have been striving for all these years. They feel experienced and confident — all they need now is a record contract.

The Krayolas will play their first local show of the year at Aggie Park on April 30. Actually, it's not a show — it will be more like a party — a Luau party! Six dollars will get you all the beer you can drink and all the roast suckling pig you can eat. You'd be a fool to just lay there and miss it. Also appearing will be Los #2 Dinners and Dogman & The Shepards; two other local bands that will make you proud to be a San Antonian. —RNR

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The Krayolas / Kolored Musik

★★★★

This album sound like a group's greatest hits collection. There's no album filler material here; all these songs sound like pop hits or near hits. There is a wide variety of musical styles; from the slightly bluesy "Wall Street Blues" to the romantic and subdued "Don't Give Up Hope" to the all-out energy of "All The Time." In between, you can hear traces of soul and even two songs with Leslie guitar treatment.

The Westside Horns contribute to seven of the 10 songs. For the most part, the horns blend in nicely and improve the songs, but I wouldn't have minded a hornless version of "Cry, Cry, Laugh Laugh" like the one on their "Christmas Time" single.

This album is daring in the fact that it has so much variety. How many records have you bought lately that contain lead vocals by all members of the band? The Krayolas make untrendy pop-rock (not power-pop) that sounds sincere and natural. They are a welcome change from the vast sea of mediocre and "generic" bands at the local and national level.

This is a good debut album although an understanding producer and engineer could further improve it. It has more potential than is fully realized on vinyl. The songs could be a little stronger. "Kolored Music" shouldn't be judged just as a local record, but even at that,

it's the best one to come out of S.A. since Sir Doug.

My favorites are "Don't Give Up Hope," "The Sphinx Won't Tell," "All The Time" and "Times Together."

✱✱Klyde Kimsey

Heyoka / Video Madness ★★★

Heyoka, those long-lost hard rockin' sons of San Antone have finally released some of the fruits of their labor. "Video Madness" is something they felt they owed their local loyalists because their much-delayed self-produced album is still not ready. It's also a chance for Heyoka to regain some lost ground that they relinquished to current big frogs like the Max, the Mo-Dels and Stardust, when the band decided to feel out other markets such as Dallas, New Orleans, Austin and even Canada where they are very popular with the heavy rock hoseheads.

Anyway, "Video Madness" is, like the national hit "Pac-Man Fever," an attempt to cash-in on the current video game addiction that afflicts every third person in the free world. Of course, it's got the video game sound effects and the Pac-Man voice to add to the novelty, but lyrically it's not as clever. Musically, it could be any hard rock song, although the playing is as tight and professional as Heyoka's fans have come to

expect from the group. The song starts off slowly, then builds to a frenetic intensity before finally grinding to a screeching halt. A must for die-hard Heyoka fans.

The flipside of the single was unavailable to me when I wrote this, but it's called "Change My Ways," a song written by Danny Sweeney of Too Smooth.

"Video Madness" will be released at the end of the month, hopefully in conjunction with the filmed version of the song that has Heyoka playing live intercut with shots in a game room.

✱✱Ron Young

Dogman And The Shepards / "I Knew I Was In Texas" / "The Radiation Song" (Kevin Kat Records) ★★★ 1/2

This is dirty, gritty Texan blues-rock.

"I knew I Was In Texas" is a good rhythmical blues song in the vein of good Texan blues such as Freddie King, and akin to, though not as polished as ZZ Top.

The song becomes pretty catchy after a couple of listenings, especially with it's underlying humor.

The "B" side, "The Radiation Song," is the Dogman's sarcastic commentary to nuclear power. As on side 1, Walden's Bob "The Bear" Hite-type vocals are irresistible, but this song could have been more effective, and more humorous if the tempo was a bit faster.

I, especially, like the vocals to be up front on

a song, but I think they overdid it a bit on these 2.

Good local Texas music. It's a wonder they aren't more popular in this town.

Who took over their space on the KISS "Homegrown" album? ✱✱Clyde Kimsey

Claude Morgan The Blast (All Right Then) ★★★ 1/2

Weird person and all around nice guy Claude Morgan, a local person, and his faithful Blast are putting out a 10" EP that should surprise some people. The songs are tight and energetic — none of the extensions Claude often throws in on stage — and are fun, fun, fun. "I'm A Student" should be required listening for every preppie at Trinity, while "Beach Party" ("I can't surf and neither can you/So there's nothing left to do... /Far away from the beach party tonite.") killed any thoughts of fun at Padre that I had.

Other good songs are "Nothing Is Cool Enuff 4U." and "I Wonder Where The Girls Are." Overall, not bad. The songs could be a bit shorter here and there, more focused and the sound is so thin in places that I see the thread and patches. Keyboards are used occasionally to very good effect — use them more.

This will be out May 1, so go to Record Hole, Flipside or places like that to get it.

✱✱David Arthur

Vinyl Habits continued on page 14



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Tech Topics

#1 SPEAKER FAILURE

As an Authorized Reconciling Center for JBL loudspeakers we see a great deal of "blown" speakers. Chances are if you've been into rock and roll very long, you've run into a blown speaker. If you make your living with the help of a PA system, that problem can put you out of business. One of the more common causes for this is amplifier distortion; not excessive power as most people would think.

To understand this better let's look at an amplifier under test conditions. With a sine wave applied to the input we should see the same waveform at the outputs. (Fig. 1) If we drive the amplifier past its rated output power we begin to see the sine wave distort, or clip, by lopping off the peaks of the wave. (Fig. 2) When the input sine wave is clipped at the amplifier output, its shape approaches that of a square wave, and the power in a square wave output will be twice that of the undistorted sine wave. Under this condition, a 100 watt amplifier will deliver 200 watts of distorted signal to the speaker system. On complex program material the high frequency power spectrum will be greatly increased due to the generation of high frequency distortion components, and this will place undue stress on the tweeter.

As you have seen, high frequency drivers are especially susceptible to damage when driven by a distorted signal. All too often we see retailers supplying the improper amplifier for the job. Especially in a bi-amplified system where an amplifier is dedicated to one driver operating within a limited frequency range, proper amplifier selection is a must.

Another cause for speaker failure, especially in woofers, is driving the voice coil out of the gap. In some cases this is due simply to applying too much power. In other situations it is due to accident transients, excessive equalization or an improper match between the speaker and its enclosure. The enclosure acts to both increase and at the same time limit speaker cone excursion. Under normal conditions a horn loaded low frequency enclosure, for instance, acts to increase the output of a speaker within the frequency range the horn is designed to operate. A properly matched enclosure also "loads" the driver (with the air in the mount of the horn) preventing excessive cone excursions. If we mismatch speakers and enclosures we are not able to take full advantage of the loudspeaker's capabilities and run the risk of speaker damage.

To recap the factors involved in reducing speaker failure we will outline measures you should take to avoid costly repairs:

1. Make sure your amplifier is a good low distortion model capable of producing enough peak power to satisfy the needs of your loudspeakers.
2. Be sure that your speakers are suited to their enclosures.
3. Be careful not to over EQ, especially at very low or very high frequencies.

Chances are if you've been into rock and roll very long, you've run into a blown out speaker. If you make your living using a sound reinforcement system, that very problem can put you out of business faster than pig sweat.

*1. A smooth sine wave like this is easily "tracked" by the loudspeaker.

*2. As the loudspeaker attempts to "track" this signal, it's required to move extremely quickly to the very limits of its travel then abruptly reverse direction. This severely strains the loudspeaker.

*3. For example, a JBL 2441 high frequency driver rated at 70 watts RMS at 16 ohms should be driven by an amp capable of 140 watts RMS at 8 ohms. And, if you allow for headroom, the amplifier should be rated even higher. The same JBL 2441 driver which handles 70 watts RMS is rated to handle 6 dB musical transients or 280 watts peak power if the signal isn't excessively distorted.

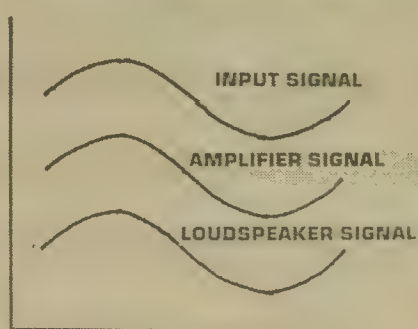


FIGURE 1

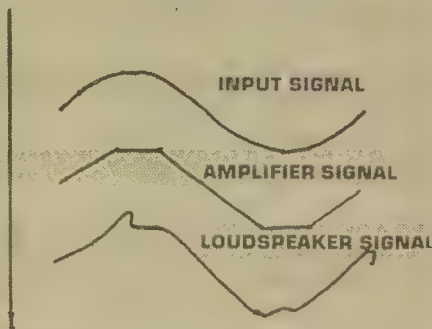


FIGURE 2

—RNR

Slayer: Killer HM

Are you the type of person who hears the swelling volume of a Stratocaster and merely smiles and yells "crank it up!"? Are you tired of hearing local bands play the same old copy material again and again that every garage band from across the nation has learned to play since the age of six? Are you the type of person that hungers for a new breed of heavy metal based on talent and something a bit more enthralling than simple chord progressions and an occasional 'oh yeah!'? Well if you are, there's a new band coming that wants only to blow you away with some of the best metal your ears will thank you for taking in. The band is Slayer and they are ready to introduce San Antonio to the likes of Angel Witch, Raven, Tygers of Pan Tang and Motorhead, not to mention their perennial favorite, Iron Maiden. They only hope San Antonio is ready for such an onslaught.

The band consists of Bob Catlin and Art Villareal on lead/rhythm guitar, Chris Cronk on vocals and ex-Seance members, bassist Don Van Stavern and David Wayne McCain on the drumkit. All members have been influenced by the energized "headbanging" English metal and believe in its potential in San Antonio, once called the HM capital of the world. This style is marked by actual signature changes (gasp!), great dual leads, and driving heavy metal rhythms. They have great belief that if Slayer is given the proper exposure, they could become very big with their repertoire of mostly obscure English bands and similar originals including the likes of "Panzer," "Iron Fist," and "Wicked Trix," the latter representing hot single material.

As of yet, Slayer has played but three gigs, one being the Eisenhower Road Flea Market "Battle of the Bands," where, in my opinion, they were the obvious winner. They are hopeful that this exposure will lead to more and larger gigs.

Confident of their local potential, Slayer is currently pulling their savings together to produce a single including the aforementioned originals. This single will probably be available by the end of summer. Interested club owners who wish to pick up on the rising popularity of heavy metal and the talent that surmises Slayer should contact Bob Catlin at 657-3799 or Art Villareal at 657-6260. I recommend them highly.

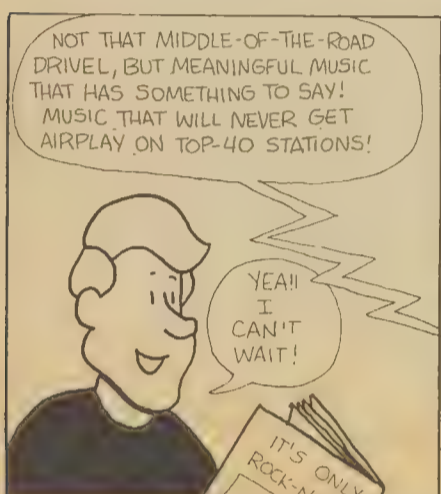
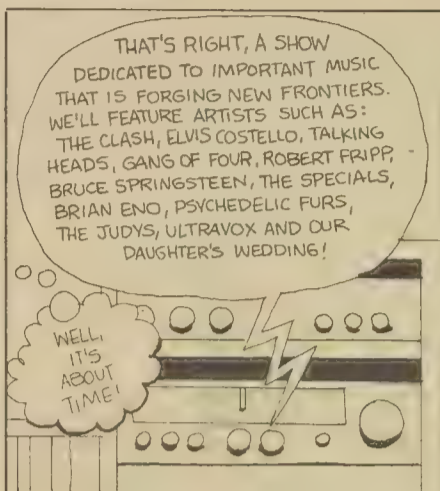
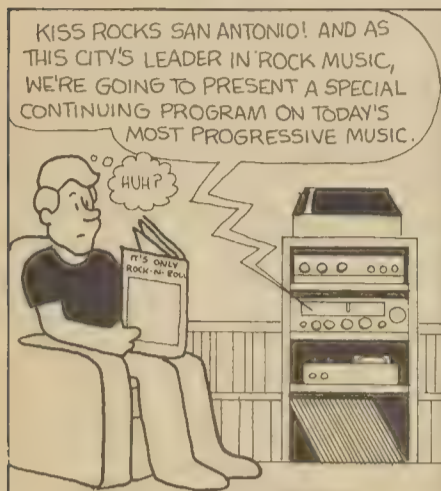
***Cliff Dunn

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Rocktoons by John Regnier



Concert Calendar

AUSTIN

Apr. 4 & 5	James Brown, Clubfoot	Apr. 9	Duke Jupiter/Cardi's
Apr. 9	Joe Ely, The Blasters/Coliseum	Apr. 12	Iron Butterfly w/Lifeus/Cardi's
Apr. 15	Carl Perkins/Clubfoot	Apr. 14	David Crosby/Cardi's
Apr. 16	Albert King/Clubfoot	Apr. 15	ZZ Top, Point Blank/Arena
Apr. 30, May 1	The Judy's/Clubfoot	Apr. 17	Krokus/Cardi's
May 4 & 5	B.B. King/Clubfoot	Apr. 18	Eric Burdon/Rock Sa-loon
May 18	Nighthawks/Clubfoot	Apr. 20	Grass Roots/Cardi's
		Apr. 23	Mama's & Papa's/Cardi's
		May 13	Black Sabbath, Out-laws/Arena
			Tickets on sale Apr. 19

SAN ANTONIO

Apr. 2	Al DiMeola/Cardi's		
Apr. 8	Danny, Joe Brown/Cardi's		

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Modern Eon/Fiction Tales

(Did I Dindisc Import)

★★★★

Another one of those endearing young bands from the U.K. The vocals are breathy and compassionate. The instrumentation recalls the spacier side of Pink Floyd circa **Meddle & Dark Side** and the edge (sic) of U2. The result is an Lp's worth of tunes (thanks for the lyric Todd) that are difficult to get out of the head. This is one of the best overlooked Lps of '81. Discovered by a few in Austin, we never turned Dave or Gary on to them 'til now. It's sometimes fun to share a good secret. Looking for something to grab your ear? Violal! **Jack Kanter

Red Rockers/Condition Red

(415)

★★★

Apocalypse Now! Is the U.S. ready for its own Clash? Jackhammer guitars and teeth-grinding tension unleashed on vinyl and soon the streets. "Guns of the Revolution" is the first round of live ammo fired here from this New Orleans-based gang of four. Catch 'em when they hit Austin's Club Foot again.

**Ron Young

Jack Lee Greatest Hits Vol. 1

(Maiden America)

★★ 1/2

It's hard to not give this Lp a higher rating because I really like Jack Lee. He's a fine pop-rock writer, as anyone who's heard Blondie's "Hangin' On The Telephone" can attest. But despite some fine pop writing his weak vocals don't quite get them across. Good muscular back-up that includes Paul Collins (of the Beat) and Peter Case, formerly two-thirds of Lee's late-great band The Nerves. **Ron Young

Philistees/The Philistees

(RFA)

★★★

Raw-boned rock'n'roll energy like a combination of The Explosive and latter-day Ramones. Punk potential, commercial appeal and hard rock drive — something for everyone. When I think that groups like the Plasmatics and Journey are getting away with all the gold and glory while these guys are sweating it out in Albuquerque, it's frightening. (You might find this at Hogwild or Record Hole.) **Ron Young

Hooked On Classics/Royal Philharmonic Orch.

(RCA)

★

Gee, I didn't like the Beatles until Stars On 45 came out and I didn't like these "classical" selections until they were "discofied" with that same familiar beat on this record. I just love it when people take all of the style and integrity out of music. Who needs it? It's much easier to get into if it all has the same tempo. I believe some of the world's most treasured music, pop and otherwise, should be fed through a computer to give it this same pleasant tempo. Who knows, maybe I can like ALL types of music if it is "fed" through this process.

What a wonderful world? ** Clyde Kimsey

★★★★★ — Excellent.
A "must" album.

★★★★ — Very good.
A solid effort.

★★★ — Good.
Worth a chance.



★★ — Mediocre.
Inconsistent or just
lacking in some way.

★ — Poor.
Waste of time.

○ Frisbee.
The only thing it's good
for.

Romeo Void/ Never Say Never

(415)

★★★★

Romeo Void's **It's A Condition** helped them gain the Best New Group place in our February issue critics poll. This new EP, which is now included in the cassette version of **Condition**, is co-produced by The Cars' Ric Ocasek. Heart of Darkness lyrics sung by a playfully passionate Debby Iyall, who's the best female rock vocalist since pre-disco Debbie Harry, are skewered by moaning saxes and hot-wired guitars. Ocasek helps uncover the band's commercial potential, but doesn't compromise their soulful integrity.

**Ron Young

Roy Loney/Rock & Roll Party

(Warbride)

★★★

Roy Loney is one of the overlooked high caliber rockers that needs a break — the kind Greg Kihn finally got. In the past he's offered quality garage band rock and power-pop with the Flamin' Groovies and the Phantom Movers. Here he tries his hand at being Dave Edmunds, and he almost cuts it — but not quite. Excellent playing can't salvage weak original rockabilly material. And his covers of some great influences (everyone from Wynonie Harris to Roy Orbison) just don't measure up to the originals. The sly humor of his Phantom Mover period is what's lacking, and that's really all he needs to be back in top form.

**Ron Young



Johnny And The Distractions/Let It Rock

(A&M)

★★★ 1/2

Dirty blue-collar rock'n'roll. Soul brothers from Portland in league with Pittsburg's Iron City House Rockers to help working class stiffs find the heart of Saturday night. A shot of R&B, broken beer bottle guitar, pent-up anger and energy looking for a stage to cut loose on. Springsteen in his hungrier days with a hard rock veneer. **Ron Young

Mitch Ryder/Live Talkies

(Line Records — Impt.)

★★★★

Anyone who's caught Mitch's live show lately in Austin should own this highly-charged 3-record digital set. Recorded in Hamburg, it captures the tight pantsed, bull-throated rock legend in all his impassioned glory. Mitch is no oldie revivalist here, even though he still does his Detroit Wheels medley onstage. It's not on **Live Talkies** but there are spirited covers of lotsa vintage Dylan and yet another (although quite good) version of "Take Me To The River"

plus some of his best latterday songs like "Tough Kid" and "Ain't Nobody White." He also does some tunes from his latest studio Lp **Got Change For A Million?** (also import) that are fleshed-out better live by his hard-nosed rock band. It's a pity Ryder can't get a major label interested in him because his brand of mean streets rock'n'roll is still vital in the '80s.

**Ron Young

Jimmy Destri/Heart On A Wall

(Chrysalis)

★★ 1/2

This is the first solo effort for Blondie's keyboard player. Jimmy Destri plays guitar and sings, as well, on this album. Other Blondie members include Clem Burke playing drums on all the songs, Debbie Harry on backing vocals (very minor) on a couple of tracks, and Chris Stein who plays lead guitar and harmonica on the instrumental, "Little Metal Drummer" which is easily this album's stand-out (maybe because it sounds more like a Blondie song).

The general atmosphere and tone of the record is slightly "Bowiesque" and a little bit like the mother group's more arty and subdued songs, except for "Numbers Don't Count" which is the most up-tempo song.

If one wishes to venture out of the pop mold and be more "progressive" or "arty," then it's even more important to have originality, a new way of looking at things. I came away from this album feeling like there is more to him than this. Where's the magic?

He does have a certain style that is rarely touched on by his contemporaries, but unfortunately, he rarely touched or expanded on it on this solo opportunity. **Clyde Kimsey

Jay Ferguson/White Noise

(Capitol)

★★★ 1/2

A really solid effort from this ex-Spint member. The Beatles cover — "I'm Down" — works well, and the avant garde touches displayed in fits throughout the Lp add to the overall effect. But Ferguson's biggest asset this time around is his surprisingly excellent songwriting. "Inside Out" is a tight rocker while "Empty Sky" is the only song to bring me absolute pleasure in a long while. The fact that it has a devastating lyric doesn't hurt. (I had a girl in another town/Her hands were soft and her eyes were brown/She used to say things that would make me laugh/One day the wind came and carried her away/Far away"). This is a subtle Lp, full of nice little touches — backwards guitar, good background vocals, excellent production. I hope it hits the charts. **David Arthur

The Fall/Hex Enduction Hour

(Kamera)

★★★★★

John Lydon must be envious. The Fall are succeeding where except for **Metal Box**, P.I.L. have (thus far) failed. They are breaking all the rules of traditional rock music. Much of **Flowers of Romance** was unlistenable, but with **Hex Enduction Hour**, Mark E. Smith is on the right track.

Hex Enduction hour is sixty minutes of inventive, frightening sound. Calling it anything else, except "Fall Music," would be grossly

inaccurate. No one else, outside of Beefheart, could even be put in the same category. This is primal energy. As usual, Smith's vocals are decentralized, lurking under scratchy guitars, and the piledriving dual drumming of Paul Hanley and newly reinstated original member Karl Burns. Smith's lyrics are just monologues about himself ("Hip Priest"), the Nazi movement ("Who Makes The Nazis?"), or a strange land ("Iceland"). Many are undecipherable. Occasionally you'll be able to pick out a phrase, some of which are scrawled on the cover of album jacket. The climax is reached on the closing song "And This Day," a ten minute assault that sounds like a cousin to something off **Trout Mask Replica**. **Hex Enduction Hour** goes one step beyond. Rock music as we know it is dying. It is The Fall's finest hour.

**Jeff Webb

Elliot Murphy / "Affairs"

(Courtisane)

★★★

This rock'n'roll poet from the stylish gutters of Manhattan made four near-great Lps on four different labels. It's a shame that only mostly critics owned his records, since you can't take rave notices to the bank. However, Murphy always acted like a prep school Lou Reed rather than the new Dylan label he was saddled with from the start. **Ron Young

Ed Fitzgerald and Civic Duty

(Telephone)

★★★ 1/2

The Cars meet Jefferson Airplane in Nashville and the results are positive. This is a record that deserves the attention of new wave fans, although Fitzgerald shouldn't be totally relegated to that theater of rock'n'roll. His vocals are remindful of Lou Reed and Ric Ocasek while the harmonies by his wife Judi compliment his singing the way Grace Slick does Paul Kantner's. He is a strong guitarist who writes songs that melt in your mind, not the instant they leave your speakers. To get a copy write: Telephone Records, P.O. Box 120453, Nashville, Tenn. 37212.

**Ron Young

Simple Minds/Sons And Simple Minds/Sons and Fascination Sister Feelings Call

(Virgin Import)

★★★★

What a special kind of music these guys make. Unlike anything else. I love originals. Synthesizer patterns mesh with skillful guitar progressions producing an interplanetary kind of pop that takes a few plays to get the hang of. Most great music does. Not to mention the fact that these records were produced by Steve Hillage.

Both come packaged together as a two-record set, but copies of **Sister F.C.** are becoming scarce. Worth the extra import price for sure. This is the pop music of the '90s.

**Jack Kanter

Simple Minds/Themes For Great Cities

(Stiff)

★★★ 1/2

This album is also known as the definitive collection from Simple Minds circa '79-'81. Influences abound from The Doors to Roxy Music to Hawkwind and beyond. This is extra-terrestrial dance music for the new decade. Synthesizers drone while razor-edged guitars cut through the trance-like state imposed by singer Jim Kerr. Weird scenes inside the gold mines of the '80s. **Ron Young

Frankie Bleu/"Who's Foolin' Who?"

(Unicorn)

★★★

A tossed salad that has a pinch of McCartney, Doobies, Air Supply and more in it. Just the right ingredients to appeal to the most finicky pop connoisseur. **Ron Young

The Rings/Rhythm Method

(MCA)

★★

Mediocre clones of the Cars. **Tim Lawless

Vinyl Habits Vinyl Habits Vinyl Habits Vinyl Habits Vinyl Habits Vinyl Habits Vinyl

The Dynatoners featuring Charlie Musselwhite/Curtain Call (Warbride)★★★★½

This hot-buttered R&B offering is dedicated to the late-great blues harpist Big Walter Horton. Nuff said? Anyone familiar with Musselwhite's harp playing should pick up on this. The Dynatoners should always record live. And blues aficionados should buy or steal this.

***Ron Young

Huey Lewis and The News/Picture This (Chrysalis)★★★★

Bright pop-rock with a shot of R&B is served up in heaping helping on the second edition of The News. Radio programmers can fit them in alongside Tommy Tutone, Loverboy and Greg Kihn. Huey has more in common with Kihn as a sensitive singer and his band isn't as calculated as the former two groups. Mellow sax fills by Johnny Colla add a lot of heart.

***Ron Young

The Juke Jumpers/The Joint's Jumpin'! (Amazing)★★★★

Ft. Worth's version of the Fab T-Birds. These white boys have been wreckin' roadhouses and burnin' up dance floors in North Central Texas for years. Everything is thrown into this greasy dish, from T-Bone shuffles to chicken feet, in order to keep your head buzzin' long after the beer's run out.

***Ron Young

The Gun Club/Fire Of Love (Ruby)★★★★

Dangerous potion from one of the most notorious L.A. bands. Slashing R&B and sun-baked Velvet Underground influences combine for a one-two punch that gets you in a half-Nelson and won't let you go. The punks have discovered bluesman Robert Johnson. This will put the hell hound on your trail. Best lyric, "I was all dressed up like Elvis from hell."

***Ron Young

Asia: not mere yes-men

Asia (Geffen)★★★★

Asia is a supergroup composed of ex-Yes people Steve Howe (guitars & vocals) and Geoffrey Downes (keyboards & vocals), John Wetton (bass) from King Crimson and U.K. and Carl Palmer (drums) from E.L.P. Indulgence might be suspected, but the average song is under five minutes. All are tight and Downes, who also used to be in the Buggles, has a good pop sensibility that adds warmth to the awesome technological attack these musicians unleash.

Downes' keyboards are subtle, not flashy like a Rick Wakeman's; he fills in the gaps. Wetton is a strong bass player who tends toward rhythm "beats" rather than melodic runs and Palmer, though busy, stays in the back. So guess who's the star? Yep, Steve Howe's guitar. It's better than one could expect. And when one hears Wetton sing: his voice helps to carry these songs along and the strong background vocals supplied by Howe and Downes don't hurt.

The songwriting is weak here and there — to be expected from new songwriting partnerships but the weak songs are saved by the playing, which is inventive yet full of hooks. Stand outs: "Heat of the Moment," "Time Will Tell," and "Wildest Dream," a song about politics. Wow! They can think, too. Hey, I've always been a sucker for good art-rock.

***David Arthur

Robert Ealey with the Juke Jumpers/Bluebird Open (Amazing)★★★★

Nasty funk, joyous jump, groovin' on a sweaty Saturday night in Ft. Worth. Robert Ealey (formerly Lightnin' Hopkins' drummer) leads his house band the Jumpers through their paces and the results are meat and potatoes R&B — the kind that lasts you 'til next payday.***Ron Young

Clarence Gatemouth Brown/Alright Again! (Rounder)★★★★

The Gate is back with 10 slices of hot'n'bubbly Texas Swing and R&B. Backed by a big and brassy 10-piece R&B band the Gate hasn't been this on-the-money in years. In the recent past the San Antonio ballbuster has delivered some inconsistent albums, dabbling in everything from his much loved country music to funky soul and rock'n'roll; but on this new Rounder release no matter if it's a hip-grinding slow blues or a barrelhouse jump tune he's come up with one of the best R&B albums of the year. Like he says in his own "Sometimes I Slip": "Sometimes I feel myself slipping, but I guarantee you I'll never fall."

***Ron Young

The Red Rockers/"Guns of Revolution" (415 Records)★

The lead cut, **Guns of Revolution**, is one of the few punk songs of the eighties that I've liked. What it lacks in melody, it makes up for in its precision guitar blitz and sheer impact. As good as the best songs from the 76-78 punk explosion.

Unfortunately, the other songs lack much distinction, but then even the best punk groups only had two or three good songs per album. Punk is for singles, so if this comes out as a single, buy it!.....**Clyde Kimsey

Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft/Gold Und Liebe (Virgin Import)★★★★

To say that D.A.F. is pretentious is to state obviously the obvious. They pretend any or all of the below: To be important; To be artistic (i.e., the excellent cover—**cover**, mind you—of their first album, **Die Kleinen Und Die Bosen**); To be convincing of either or both of the above (e.g., the cover to this album—or their previous album, **Alles Ist Gut**, for that matter). Alright, so they're pretentious. And their music—musik—is pretty ugly, no contradiction in terms intended. And it's simplistic. Okay. So Suicide, their American counterparts—one voice, one instrumentalist—has at least heard of things like melody and subtlety and texture and stuff. Uh huh. And they sing in **german**. All right. But—those **song titles**: "Sex Under Water," "Golden

XTC / English Settlement (Virgin Import)★★★★½

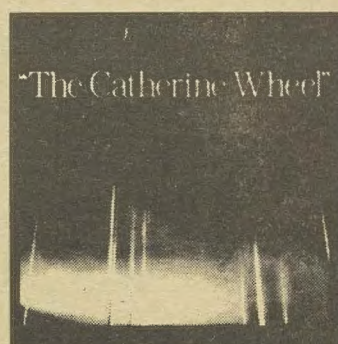
America has done it again! The people at Epic-Virgin have decided that two l.p.'s with a beautifully embossed cover, by arguably England's finest band wouldn't sell in the good ol' U.S. of A. Yet they're trying to 'break' this act! What we get is: 10 songs instead of 15 crammed onto one disc, thereby losing some of the fidelity; and of course, no embossed cover.

It's a shame too, because **English Settlement** is definitely XTC's most accessible album. They've toned down the frenetic characteristics of the past, which showed them occasionally trying to put too many ideas into one track. This is most

Toys"—now what on Earth do they mean by "Golden Yots," I wonder? And "Grab The Stars." And D.A.F. are so durned doggedly **insistent**. No, they haven't exactly progressed over three albums, but gol-dernit, they're not that bad. Some of their music is damned strong, that is to say, intense. Hey—they know all this stuff. I mean, look at the cover of this album. They know **something** we don't. Greig nach den Sternen und macht das auf!

***Mark Champion

Byrne's Wheel



David Byrne/The Catherine Wheel (Sire)★★★★

Byrne, lead singer of the now-dormant Talking Heads, doubtlessly fancie himself as some ultra-chic purveyor of High Art. It is true that in the past year or so, he has successively fallen in love with: 1) Brian Eno, 2) the recording studio, and 3) himself. **Remain in Light** worked because of its ability to seek out and preserve what is known to students of funk as a groove. The groove picked you up and lost you in its intricately structured rhythms, hence its hypnotic effect.

Okay. Unfortunately, this album doesn't succeed on that level — or any other, for that matter, unless you count appeasing the Art Snobs, who inevitably don't halfway understand the emotional power and depth of black-based music. A lot of the songs **are** hypnotic, but its mainly due to boredom rather than engrossing repetition. The mix often strangles the meat of the songs (what little is present) and is filled with an unending barrage of cute studio effects, which reach an all-time low with Eno's silly echo-chambered hiccups and screams (or whatever) on "The Red House."

On the positive side, three tracks stand out: "My Big Hands" is a very good song, and "What A Day That Was" and "Big Blue Plymouth" both re quite respectable. The rest is poor if you're judging it as rock and roll, and (correct me if I'm wrong) that has something to do with the name of this magazine.

***Tim Lawless

noticeable in the presence of acoustic guitars on most of the songs. It's a much more relaxed mood, a settlement, so to speak. This is best exemplified on "Yacht Dance" (not on the American) where Dave Gregory adds Spanish guitar to Andy Partridge's acoustic, and the sound is delicate, a word I never thought I'd use to describe XTC. The more commercial cuts are all on side one. "Runaways," cool, yet haunting, leads it off, with its echoed vocal effects reminding one of the Beatles circa **Magical Mystery Tour**. The marching beat of "Ball and Chain" sounds more like the old XTC. This precedes "Senses Working Overtime," the first single off the album, and perhaps their best ever. A little more disciplined, yes, comprising no

Axe Attack/Vol. II (K-Tel)★★★★

That's right boys and girls, a K-Tel album featuring some of the best heavy metal groups from both sides of the Atlantic. This one features such masters of metal mayhem as Judas Priest, Iron Maiden, Motorhead, Rainbow and Def Leppard. Also included is a cut from a newcomer named Samson featuring Bruce Bruce, who recently replaced Paul Di'Anno as the new vocalist of Iron Maiden. Fifteen solid tracks altogether, including a live version of "The Zoo" by the Scorpions. Not bad. From the people who brought you "Goofy Greats."**Patrick Jones

Hawkwind/Sonic Attack (RCA)★★★★½

"Sonic Attack" is the latest release from England's premier psychedelic band, the legendary Hawkwind. This album is much more guitar and vocal-oriented than "Levitation" which featured keyboardist Tim Blake. Blake has since left the band as has former drummer of Cream, Ginger Baker. Replacing Baker is Martin Griffin who participated on "The Hawlords" Lp. Also appearing on the album is famed science-fiction writer Michael Moorcock who co-wrote four songs on the album, including an even more bizarre version of "Sonic Attack" than which previously appeared on "The Space Ritual."

The album effectively intertwines Moorcock's and bassist Harvey Bainbridge's "acid poetry" with tight, clean guitar licks and well placed synthesizers and special effects courtesy of founding members Dave Brock and Huw Lloyd-Langston. Two songs on the album, "Angels of Death" and "Streets of Fear" sound like good hit material.

For the uninitiated, this album may be a little hard to grasp. But for their many loyal fans (including quite a sizeable number of "Hawkfans" in the San Antonio area), this is another fine release by one of the last of the great underground bands. Long may they fly.

**Patrick Jones

Roy Sundholm/East to West (Ensign)★★★★

Good credentials. Average album. A few hot moments, though. **Tim Lawless

Harlequin/Love Crimes (Columbia)★★

So-so arty MOR pop. **Tim Lawless

Romantics/Strictly Personal (Nemperor)★★

Pop cum heavy metal, ala Cheap Trick; flat as a board, though **Tim Lawless

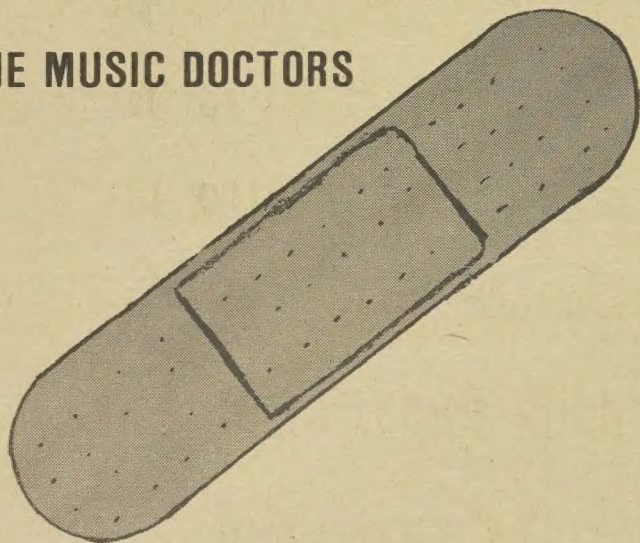
English Settlement is much more political, lyrically, than XTC has been in the past. "No Thugs In Our House" talks about the English riots of last summer. On "Ball and Chain," there's too much concrete and not enough grass. Overcrowded cities ("English Roundabout") and computers ("Leisure") are two more problems. If we don't do something about it, "All of a Sudden (It's Too Late)." As with any XTC album, there's so many vocal and musical intricacies that reveal themselves with each play. However, they do get carried away once or twice with repetition. Remember though, a double album is hard to pull off, and with **English Settlement**, XTC have come pretty damn close. This is no longer just pop; this is art! **Jeff Webb

POP QUIZZ

"WHAT IS RIVER CITY MUSIC?"

- ☐ (A.) "A full line music store"
- ☐ (B.) "A full line sound reinforcement store"
- ☐ (C.) "A complete repair shop for audio gear"
- ☐ (D.) "A complete repair shop for musical instruments"
- ☐ (E.) The largest selection of guitars, basses, etc.
- ☐ (F.) Store with widest variety of instrument amplification
- ☐ (G.) Home of largest electronic keyboard selections
- ☐ (H.) Headquarters for affordable multitrack recording equipment
- ☐ (I.) A booking agency with good contacts
- ☐ (J.) A place where musicians hang out
- ☐ (K.) A group of wild & crazy, but helpful sales people
- ☒ (L.) All of the above.

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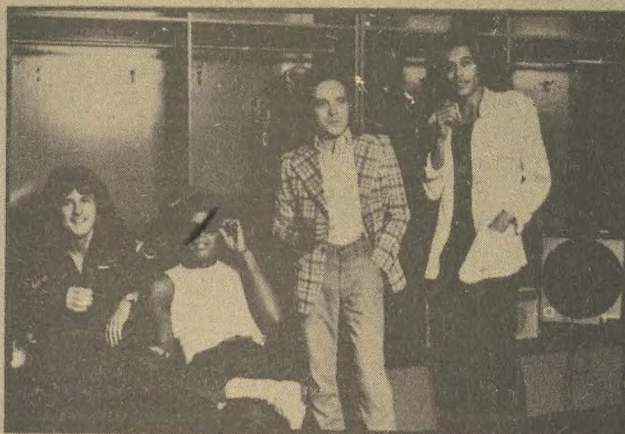
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